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Title: Stonegate: The Play part II

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(continued from book I)  
Act II Scene I

Aleph, Analeiza,  
Kronos, Talon  
Skyfire, the Narrator  
and the Messenger  
are in the throne  
room. There is an  
abandoned game of  
chess beside the  
throne.

Narrator: \*to the  
audience\* This is  
just like in my  
dream.

Messenger: All hear  
and lament the loss at  
Stonegate. One  
hundred soldiers  
pushed through the  
double gates of that  
forsaken keep only to  
be met by continuous  
mage fire. \*The  
messenger walks from  
one side of the stage  
to the other while  
waving his fans  
frantically\* Riders  
fell from their horses  
so that those in the  
back rows could not  
push through. \*falls  
to the ground to  
illustrate this\* Each  
man was so eager to  
fight that none would  
retreat causing the  
Loyalist and his lord  
the Regent's allies to  
be pinned between the  
riderless mounts in  
front and their  
colleagues from behind.  
\*Wraps his arms  
around himself and

flutters his fans\*

Analeiza faints and  
Kronos kneels to hold  
her hand

Narrator: \*to the  
audience in song\* A  
horrific blunder for  
the Regent. But did  
the lord survive as  
my dream predicted?  
Or will he leave us  
afflicted with this  
worry that we fee? I  
can not express my  
sorrow for the  
shadows of tomorrow  
nor can I hide my  
quite oppressive fear.  
The Regency had  
started but a couple  
months ago.. And now  
it's hit a quick and  
early low. A chance to  
turn the tide and  
bring Virtue to the  
land has resulted in  
the breaking of our  
hand. And from here  
it won't be better  
only worse...

Messenger: The  
slaughter was great  
\*sways his fans  
around as he runs  
from side to side\*  
and the losses to the  
enemy were minimal.  
Vile Moonlgow has  
defeated us but our  
lord has survived.  
Even now he makes  
his way to the tower.

Narrator: He is  
nearly on the scene  
actually.

Kronos: I hear our  
Regent's heavy steps.  
He ascends the stairs  
and is nearly here  
Ohh how my heart  
goes out to him. We  
have all been doomed.

Aleph: Have heart and  
stand Kronos. Your  
best friend is here.

Enters Dayel  
Stormcrow dazed and  
covered in blood. He  
goes to slowly sit on  
his throne as everyone  
gazes at him besides  
Analeiza who is still  
passed out

Kronos: We are all  
here for you Dayel.  
Talon: Come Cyrus,  
lets give the loyalists  
their space.

Narrator: \*to the  
audience\* This is  
highly inconvenient.  
We are on the last  
scene and I must go...  
I suppose Dayel will  
wrap up this play  
when he decides to  
speak. \*to Talon\*  
Coming my lord!

Talon and Cyrus the  
Narrator leave the  
throne room. Aleph  
places his hand on  
Dayel's shoulder

Aleph: This is not  
the end of the world  
my friend.

There is an awkward  
silence

Kronos: Speak to us  
brother or have you  
been made mute by one  
of GreyPawn's  
sinister spells?

Dayel: I have failed.  
It was horrible... fate  
has delivered us a  
blow from which we  
can not recover. Never  
again will there be  
such numerous armies  
fielded against each  
other. Never again  
will allies trust us to  
lead them. I am cruel  
fate's play thing  
destined to resign my  
post. My brother, I  
can not continue with

a heart so stricken  
with grief. My  
generals are dead and  
my spirit is heavy.  
All that I have now  
are the virtues. I am  
sorry, I feel my tears  
sting the cuts on my  
cheek. Such a horrible  
loss.

Dayel covers his face  
and everyone leaves  
him alone.

## Act II Scene II

Analeiza slowly wakes  
up to find herself  
alone with Dayel who  
is sleeping

Analeiza: \*with a  
lamenting song, half  
arched to look at  
Dayel while she  
flutters her fan to  
her face to keep  
herself from fainting  
music is played in  
background\*Nothing  
left to see, nothing  
left to do. I can feel  
his shame... the  
everlasting torture of  
having lost. Bright  
colors leave my  
shining face. \*drops  
orange mask to put on  
pale white one\* I can  
not help but share in  
my lord's disgrace.  
Will this be the end?  
The final chapter of  
this sad lot. This one  
night will not be  
forgot. People will  
speak of this and  
Dayel will be blamed  
my lord's defamed. I  
can feel his shame...  
the everlasting torture  
of having lost. Bright  
colors leave my  
shining face.  
\*Flutters her fan and  
lowers herself to the  
ground, covering her

face with her fan\*

-End-